

A timely dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills is sure to prevent an attack of biliousness when a short neglect of the warning symptoms may develop a serious case of fever, either bilious, intermittent or typhoid.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills remove all causes of biliousness, promptly start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. It is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have found a harmless cure for this stubborn complaint, which accomplishes all the results heretofore produced by a free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system.

These pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is regulated as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, the disappearance of the slow complexion and the cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills. Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, Cor. Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by all druggists and dealers. April

RAILROADS. PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 3.57 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS Leave New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table. NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Middletown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD.

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.

GOLD! Great Chance to make money. If you can't get Gold money, get Greenbacks. We need a person in EVERY TOWN to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world.

REMOVAL. The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

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ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Daniel Shatto, late of Carroll township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township.

December 18, 1877. GEO. W. SMILEY, Administrator. CHAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney for Adm'r.

OPIMUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. For particulars, see prospectus, or apply to Dr. Cassano, 127 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Answer to Enigma in last week's Times—"Pay for your paper."

Mr. Digby Pops the Question.

BY BRITOMARTE.

"I'll do it!" quoth Mr. Digby, with a flourish of his red bandanna.

Mr. Digby folded his arms across his portly breast and paced the lilac-bordered walk with the air of a Napoleon.—The truth was, Mr. Digby had come to a determination. He had made up his mind.

Now, Mr. Hiram Digby was a bachelor, aged forty-one, fat, rosy, good natured and rich. Also, Mr. Digby had a pretty good share of man's vanity. He was fully convinced that to obtain the heart and hand of pretty Nan Harris, he had only to declare himself. This was the question upon which he had been pondering a full hour by the kitchen clock.

Should he marry Nan Harris, or shouldn't he? To be sure, she had blue eyes and hair like spun gold, and her cheeks were rosy as winter apples, and she had the most tempting little rosebud of a mouth in the world; but then, she was so flighty, always up to some mischief or other; and thrifty Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Digby's house-keeper, had once expressed her belief that "whoever married Nan Harris might as well marry a kitten."

But then again, Mr. Digby was in love with merry, blue-eyed Nan, and—and—just then he happened to glance over the garden wall, and who should he see but Nan herself, in the prettiest of pink calicos, and a coquettish, blue-ribboned "sun-down," while the little tin-pail in her hand told that she was going strawberrying.

That glimpse of his divinity decided him. Little darling! what if she was mischievous, and wilful, wasn't she the prettiest little witch in Simonsville? and wasn't all the young fellows in love with her? and wouldn't some of them marry her if he didn't? That last consideration was a "stunner," and settled the question; and giving utterance to the energetic exclamation chronicled above, Mr. Digby entered the house fully resolved to settle the bargain the very next day. He thought of his broad acres and heavy bank account, and did not doubt it would be easy to win the consent of farmer Harris and Aunt Nancy.

The next day Mr. Digby spent exactly two hours and thirty minutes getting himself up in killing style for the ordeal which, truth to say, he began to dread a little. It was entirely a new business to him, something he had never done before, this popping the question. And, though he would never acknowledge it, even to his wife, he did feel very much like running away as he stood on the farmhouse steps, asking the "help" if "Miss Nancy Harris was in."

"O yes, sure, Miss Nancy was in the front room," and the girl ushered the trembling Mr. Digby into the pleasant little sitting-room, which looked so pretty and inviting, with its red lounge and white table-cover, standing out plainly from the twilight shadows that made everything else look so dim and indistinct.

He plucked up a sort of desperate courage, however, and the sight of the pink dress and white apron sitting by the window, and approaching the wearer of said pink dress and white apron, he immediately came to the point, as follows:—

"Miss Nancy, have called to—hem—to—hem—to tell you of the—ahem—hem—hem!" and here the old bachelor (beg his pardon) entirely broke down, and sat looking at his thumbs, helplessly wondering what to say next.

As the lady didn't speak, he concluded to try again; and, resolving to be plain, he blurted out bluntly:—"Miss Nancy, will you marry me?" There! it was out. And his heart gave a jump, as he heard a whispered "yes," and a hand stole softly into his. Leaning impulsively forward, he kissed her cheek—or her nose, he couldn't tell which, it was so dark.

There issued a little sly giggle, and "O fie now! Hiram, dear; ain't you ashamed?" in the voice of—Aunt Nancy!

"Holy Moses! have I been and gone and proposed to the old maid?" Mr. Digby would have said as well as thought, if he had dared. But he didn't, so he grabbed his hat, and muttering something about "an engagement, ma'am," he jerked open a door, and rushed into the pantry.

"La, now, Hiram," said Miss Nancy the elder, as he made a frantic dive at another door, "don't be so upset; folks generally 'spects the women to be the flustered ones."

By this time, the excited Mr. Digby had succeeded in finding the right door, and rushing unceremoniously out, he nearly overturned a young gentleman with a very black mustache, who stood by the gate with his arm around the waist of Miss Nancy the younger, who

didn't seem to object to this familiarity at all.

Mr. Digby gathered himself up, looked savagely at the young man, elevated his nose, and with a very stiff, "Excuse me, sir," walked frigidly past Tom Warren, whom he would have called an impudent puppy, if an idea hadn't struck him just then. Of course Tom Warren wouldn't have his arm around Nan unless he had a right to, therefore it was pretty safe to conclude he had a right. And here another idea struck Mr. Digby.

"After all," he soliloquized, I have not done such a bad thing. Miss Nancy is thirty-eight and not pretty, but I'm forty-one and not handsome; and there ain't another such a housekeeper in the county as Miss Nancy; and Nannie Harris is nothing but a little romp, after all; and, I believe Miss Nancy is just the wife for me. Why didn't I think so before?"

And so it happened that on the same day when wild Nan Harris became Mrs. Tom Warren, Aunt Nancy also became Mrs. Hiram Digby. I've never heard that either repented their bargain, but I do know that Mr. Digby never told his wife he proposed to her by mistake.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

OF ALL the famous duels in this country perhaps none were more remarkable than that fought near Austin, Texas, by Deaf Smith and Colonel Morton.

About two years after the Texas revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new Government and a portion of the people. Briefly, the Constitution made Austin the permanent capital, but empowered the President to order the temporary removal of the archives in case of danger from a foreign enemy or sub-insurrection. Thinking that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Comanches were committing ravages within sight of the capital, President Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinates to send the State records to that town.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which the promulgation of this order raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and faro banks were aghast. The measure would be a death blow to their business. A mass meeting was called, and the farmers of the surrounding county, who were more or less interested in the question, came in.

After many fiery speeches, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives. Four hundred armed men volunteered to guard the State House. The commander of the force was Col. Morton, who had distinguished himself in the war for independence, and more recently in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly to pieces with a bowie-knife.

One day the committee were surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering the room was as extraordinary as his looks and dress.—He did not knock at the closed door, but climbing a small, bushy-topped live oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped through a lofty window. He was clothed in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a large bowie-knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions. He had a dark complexion, luxuriant, jetty hair and piercing black eyes.

"Who are you who thus presume to intrude among gentlemen without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton in his most ferocious manner.

The stranger did not seem to comprehend the words. Walking to a table in the centre of the hall he seized a pen and traced one line, "I am deaf."

Judge Webb took the paper and wrote a question:—"Dear Sir:—Will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with this meeting?"

The stranger at once handed him a letter, inscribed:—"To the citizens of Austin." He broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Though in error and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision.

SAM. HOUSTON. After the reading the deaf man waited for a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then he turned and was about to leave the hall when Colonel Morton sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote:—"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks: are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

evening; place, the bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be on time."

He then walked across the floor, and disappeared through the window as suddenly as he had entered.

"What," exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible you intend to fight that man, Colonel? He is a mute, if not a maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will sadly tarnish your laurels."

"You are mistaken," said Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose name stands in the records of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is a favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more upon the field of honor."

"You know the man, then? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith."

"No, that cannot be. Deaf Smith was killed at San Jacinto," said Judge Webb.

"There, again, your Honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I found that out twelve months ago."

"Then, you are a madman yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark."

"The thing is settled," said Morton, "I have agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I kill him it will be the greatest feat of my life."

Toward evening a vast crowd assembled to witness the meeting, and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of this sort, that bets were offered and taken on all sides upon the result. At sunset the two men arrived, with long, heavy rifles; and took their places, back to back, and at a signal walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number at about the same instant, and wheeled around. At the distance was great both paused for some seconds. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling. The face of Deaf Smith was as stern and impassive as ever. The Colonel was in broadcloth, the scout in some-tinted leather.

The two rifles exploded at the same instant. Col. Morton sprang into the air and dropped to the earth, dead. Deaf Smith quietly reloaded his rifle, and walked away into the forest.

Three days afterwards Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, appeared in Austin, and removed the State papers.

Deaf Smith was one of the most extraordinary characters ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which occurred, I believe, about 1850. But, although he had many warm friends, no one ever learned where he had been born or any particulars of his previous history.—When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lips. His eye was quick and far-seeing as an eagle's, and his nose as keen as a raven's. He could discern objects miles away on the prairie, when others saw nothing but earth and sky; and the savages used to declare he could catch the scent of a Mexican or an Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard his dinner. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even a tent cloth.

A Temperance Tale.

FROM Ohio comes a capital temperance story. Judge Quay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts there, got off the following:

"All those who in youth acquire the habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement.

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And you were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

esten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some one of the fish ate it, became drunk, and lay helpless upon the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whiskey, but with no perceptible effect: he was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it.

"He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder for a moment and then said, 'Sambo, I understand dis case. Dat fish is a mullet head, it hain't got any brains.'"

"In other words," added the judge, "alcohol affects only the brain, and of course those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

Who Loses the Eight Cents.

Seventy or eighty persons have come to hand this week, inquiring in a pathetic voice who it is that loses the eight cents when a laboring man takes a ninety-two cent silver piece for a dollar. Now, this is the thing that has puzzled us. If a carpenter receives from the government a 92 cent silver piece for a dollar and passes it on his butcher for a dollar, and the butcher passes it on the shoemaker for a dollar, and the shoemaker passes it on his landlord for a dollar, and the landlord passes it for a dollar on the State for taxes, and the State passes it for a dollar on a mason for work on the new State House, and the mason passes it for a dollar to a merchant for a silk dress for his wife, and the merchant passes it for a dollar to the custom house officer for import duties, and the United States Treasurer passes it as a dollar to a soldier, and the soldier passes it as a dollar to the same carpenter herebefore previously mentioned, we are unable to see who has lost the eight cents.

Happy thought!—perhaps the loss fell on some man who did not get it! Seriously the same man lost the eight cents who loses sixteen cents every time he takes four silver quarters that have only eighty-four cents' worth of silver in them. But, even then, the five cent nickles puzzle us. In a dollar's worth of these there is only nineteen cents' worth of metal. Now, will some of the editors who lie awake at nights to figure such things out, please to inform us who it is that loses the eighty-one cents every time a dollar's worth of nickles is passed? Who loses four cents every time a five-cent piece is paid for a glass of lager or a car ride? The little copper cents are even greater robbery. We have not the heart to go into a calculation as to how many million dollars are wrung from the horny-handed bondholder every day in the passage of this debased coin, but it is inconceivable how an opponent of the Bland bill can pass one of these fraudulent tokens—even at distance—without blushing for the perfidy of his race.—Graphic.

Dutch Proverbs.

Vind will prove vich vay der shtraw grows.

Sharidy for all, and I dond got some malloes.

Dot hat he fits you, no matter vat your name vas.

We vas all stockholders in der rays of der sun.

Trink muellages, and got shduck up in der world.

Efl vas der whole tree of money in der hands of some peoples.

Dhere vas yoost so goot fish in der vasser as dond got pulled out.

Before dot I got married I made an idol of mine frow; now she vas idle all der while.

When you saw a pigs mit a shtraw in his mouth, dot besser you got your umbrellas mendet.

Efery vooman's tongue vas called a shpeech organ; dot's yoost vat I dink, but it dond got some shtops, too.

How Mexican Girls Dance.

A feature of society in Presidio is the fandango, or evening dancing party, which is a characteristic of the population of all the rural districts of Mexico. A favorite way of holding these soirees is for the young of both sexes, and, indeed, not a few of the old folks, gayly attired, to collect at a house in the suburbs, and there, beneath the soft shadows of cedar groves and the light of the stars, dance in the open air, with the green sward for a ball room floor. The Mexican girls of Presidio appear at these parties looking quite handsome, and dressed in red and white, their robes terminating a little below the knee, beneath which their well-rounded limbs swell in stockings of a color opposite to the skirt above. These tolets, as well as their wearers, are very pretty by torchlight under the cedars.

Progress is stamped upon the earth, and the stars respond with a twinkle of delight.